

NO ALLIANCE WANTED.

The C. & Q. Declines to Engage in Any Te-Up.

CHICAGO, January 4.—The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy declines to enter the new western railway alliance on the terms accepted by the four other Iowa roads. This is the result of two days' conference between all the roads in the interest, which closed this afternoon. The session to-day continued from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., all the roads being represented by their general managers. The proposition advanced to Burlington was that it should join the new pool on the same terms as the Northwestern, but this General Manager Potter, of the Burlington, said he was prepared to absolutely decline. This emergency had apparently been guarded against, and the Burlington was requested to state on what terms it would negotiate. A counter proposition was then suggested that, in order to maintain rates and prevent war, two distinct pools be formed, covering the competitive business on the line of the Union Pacific road as far west as Denver, the Union Pacific and its four present allies, the Northwestern, Rock Island, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Wabash, forming one pool and the Burlington and its branches forming the second pool. To this the Burlington was not prepared to return an answer, and an adjournment was taken on the 17th inst., to receive the Burlington's ultimatum. In case the Burlington should decide to negotiate on the terms outlined, it is stated that its negotiations with the Union Pacific will necessarily be prolonged, in view of the numerous points touched by the two lines as direct competitors. As a result of the conference, it is now positively shown that the fixed policy of the Burlington management is against forming a part of the new alliance and signing the twenty-five years' compact. In this view the possibility of the board of directors of the Northwestern and Wabash failing to sanction their respective roads has been raised, but so far as it has been possible to ascertain, the facts are not deemed possible that any of the four roads in the alliance will withdraw. The likelihood of the Burlington entering into any compact with the new alliance, even on the proposal for a separate pool, is deemed very uncertain. As far as official expression is willing to go, the Burlington, in the event of a new alliance being maintained, will pursue a policy independent of any compact or pooling arrangements whatever.

Testimonial to a Heroic Iowa Girl.

WASHINGTON, January 3.—The Iowa legislature is to present Kate Shelly on January 16th, the day on which it will take possession of the capitol at Des Moines, with a handsome medal of the value of \$150 and \$300 in money, in recognition of her heroic act in preventing, on the night of July 6, 1851, at risk of her life, a disaster on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, near Moingona, Ia., which would have resulted, but for her, in an appalling loss of human life. The medal has been prepared by Tiffany & Co., of New York, and represents Kate in the act of crossing the railway bridge over the Des Moines river. Above are the words: "Heroism, Youth, Humanity." On the reverse of the medal is the following inscription: "Presented by the State of Iowa to Kate Shelly, with the thanks of the general assembly. In recognition of her courage and devotion to a child of fifteen years, whom neither the terror of the men nor fear of death could appal in efforts to save human life during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines valley on the night of July 6, 1851."

The Navy.

WASHINGTON, January 1.—The report of the committee on navy yards, in attention to the depreciation in the military marine of the country as a consequence of the decadence in the merchant marine, and says: In 1850 the tonnage of the United States engaged in foreign trade amounted to 2,546,287 tons, placing us second in the list of maritime countries, and our flagships commanded universal admiration. In the twenty years just passed, while the tonnage of our great commercial rival has increased 50 per cent., our tonnage has dropped to 1,352,810, placing us third on the list of maritime countries. Our carrying trade has been wrested from us, and we have not a single fighting ship to bear our flag upon the sea. The United States would, in anticipation of war, require five naval rendezvous, viz: one at Narragansett Bay, at Key West, San Francisco and on the lakes.

Mourning a Dead Dog.

Philadelphia Times. "He was the b-b-best doggie that ever lived!" sobbed Mrs. Clark, last evening as she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "F-f-for eighteen long years he has been my companion and cheerer—the goo-goo-gloom of my rapidly waning existence. No one ever had a bad word against Carlo—he charmed every one with his innocent ga-ga-gambols," and the bereaved lady cast a desolate glance around the parlor and then out the window, which looked out upon Rittenhouse square. "And such a wise dog," she continued with pride, as she dried her tears. "When he went out with the nurse for his constitutional on bright days he would never notice a dog that did not wear a collar or a blanket—he had a true aristocratic feeling. It nearly broke my heart when he died of an indigestion two weeks ago—but we shall not be parted. I at once had his poor dear remains taken to an embalmer's establishment in New York, and they have just finished their melancholy task. You can see him in his little coffin in the window of a dog-fancier store on Eighth street, below Locust, looking just as natural as ever. I shall

have him placed in my vault in Woodland cemetery."

The Times reporter went down to look at him, and there in a small glass-topped coffin in the window, with his feet tucked up and his tail curled in, lay all that remains of the lamented black-and-tan Carlo Leander Clark.

Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, January 2.—Decrease of the public debt in December, \$11,743,337; decrease since June 30, \$53,048,463; cash in treasury, \$375,374,200; gold certificates, \$109,898,611; certificates of deposit, \$17,590,000 refunding certificates, \$315,150; legal tenders, \$346,681,016; fractional currency, \$6,789,428; cash balance available Jan. 1, 1884, \$142,478,445.

Total interest-bearing debt January 1, 1884, \$1,276,885,169; matured debt, \$15,138,795; legal tenders, \$346,789,096; certificates of deposit, \$14,006,000; gold and silver certificates, \$200,930,531; fractional currency, \$6,989,428; total interest-bearing debt, \$569,219,655; total debt, \$1,861,243,600; total interest, \$12,172,323; cash in treasury, \$375,374,200; debt, less cash in treasury, \$1,488,041,723.

Utah's Prosperity.

SALT LAKE, December 31.—The Tribune's annual report on Utah and adjoining territories shows increased prosperity and growth. The total bullion product of the Pacific coast is placed at \$65,000,000. Utah produced \$8,000,000 the past year. There has been produced in the territory since the opening of the mines by the Gentiles, \$70,000,000. Utah's population is 170,000. Salt Lake's population is 28,000. It has increased 7,000 since 1880. The new buildings erected in the city the past year number 900, costing \$1,500,000. The miles of railroad constructed number 143. The Mormon emigrants for the year were 3,000. Assessed valuation of the territory, \$30,000,000.

Washington's Retirement.

Des Moines Register. The centennial anniversary of Washington's resignation of his command as general of the continental armies, occurred on Sunday last. The resignation took place at Annapolis, which was the temporary capital of the young republic, but the room in which the scene was enacted was improved out of existence only six years ago. The greatness of the man was never exhibited to such advantage as in this voluntary surrender of his commission just as complete success crowned the long struggle in which he had been the most conspicuous figure. His address as he appeared before congress for the purpose of resigning was brief and modest. He spoke as follows:

Mr. President—The great events on which my resignation depended having at last taken place I present myself before congress to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation and the patronage of Heaven. I close this last act of my official life by nature was even down to zero. We are allowed to congratulate ourselves on the reason in the Upper Republican valley, years, whom neither the terror of the men nor fear of death could appal in efforts to save human life during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines valley on the night of July 6, 1851. Considerable loss of stock is reported from Iowa.

A famous general and archeologist was one day walking in Central park, when he encountered a little girl who seemed in great distress.

Upon asking the cause of her trouble he found she had been hunting all the morning for a four-leaved clover, but had hunted in vain.

"And why do you wish so much to find one?" asked the great man.

"Because I have been promised 50 cents for it."

"Little girl," said the great man, as he seated himself in the grass by her side, "I will give you what you seek."

Plucking a three-leaved clover, he cunningly attached to it a four leaf by means of an almost invisible wire which he drew from his pocket. Smiling sweetly upon the child, he said:

"Now, run with this and get your 50 cents; then come back and we will divide."

"But, sir, this is not a real four-leaved clover, and—"

"Tut! my child. Is your friend an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then run and get your money, for Americans enjoy being humbugged. They prefer quantity to quality. But should they discover the fraud—that is, the restoration—you must stick to it through thick and thin, and black and white, that the leaf belonged there originally—now go."

The little girl went, but she soon returned with 50 cents, of which the great man retained 49. Placing the remaining penny in her chubby hand, he said, with a friendly smile, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," and, turning away, he strode proudly across the lawn and disappeared within the recesses of the Metropolitan museum.

You can rent a sealskin saque in Chicago for \$50 a season. This is cheaper than house rent, for a woman can live in a sealskin saque on the street all winter.—[Norristown Herald.]

A new hen's-nest has been patented.

I KNOW.

At yonder turn in tangled woods
The mountain brook is lost to me;
And yet I know it still flows on
And downward to the sea.

From out the nest the robin sweeps,
With song, into the waste of air;
And yet I know he will return,
For still his nest is there.

The thoughts I have of one I love
Go hence, and so are lost to me;
And yet I know they pass to Him
Who dwells beyond the sea.

How winds the waters to the sea,
How finds the bird again its nest?
Or thought o'er leaps the continents
Upon love's high behest?

I cannot see, I cannot tell,
'Tis past my finding out;
Yet if I know, if I believe,
Oh, wherefore can I doubt?

—[A. D. F. Randolph in the Congregationalist.]

THE ART OF DRESSING.

A Chat With the Best Attired Lady on the Stage.

"The art of dressing," said Mrs. Florence, the actress, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter, "may be contained in a nutshell—corsets—and I want to tell you one thing about them. Fine fitting corsets will make the poorest figure good, and without them the most elegant dress is as nothing and loses its effect. They should be laced loosely from the top to the bottom, evenly—perhaps a little tight at the waist—what the French call *cambre*. Then the underwear should be of silk, and if the ladies should dress as I wish, they would only wear one skirt and as little underclothing as possible. I have seen women wear five or six skirts. Above all, no bustle—the draperies of the dress can be arranged as a tournure, and do away with that obnoxious article of the dress, so stiff and so ugly. Combinations of colors for the street I don't believe in—black is the most distinctive dress for that purpose, or else some rich dark color, with gloves and hat to match, and for carriage wear, shoes also. But let every woman be a law unto herself, and decide after studying her complexion and figure without regard to others, what will best suit her peculiar style. Muscovitch is the artist who makes all my dresses. He brings me a number of pieces of material, and I choose the color which best suits me, leaving the gariture to him, with the proviso that there shall be no hip trimming. Ladies inclined to embonpoint want very little trimming of any kind either on the skirt or corsage. The tight fitting sleeve puffed high on the shoulder is very becoming to a thin, scrawny arm, shortening it and giving it a round appearance. For young girls there is nothing like cream and light blue for ball dresses, and for elderly ladies, garnet, a pretty shade of mauve, etc. I have seen beautiful toilets ruined by a poor walk and a want of art in carrying a train gracefully. The hair should be simply arranged, but flowers and feathers I think abominable in the coiffure of young girls. I like plumes on ladies of uncertain age, fastened by a diamond aigrette, but for young girls, no; they wear a crown of glory in their own hair and nothing else. Unless shoes and stockings are in unison with the rest of the dress it is spoiled. I have seen elegantly dressed ladies stick out their feet, showing rough, badly made shoes, and the beauty of their costumes vanishes immediately, like Aladdin's palace in the night. A cream satin slipper and stockings are the prettiest for evening wear, the hose run through with beads. Black slippers and hose should be beaded if worn in the evening. An essential point is where a lady is going to a reception, ball or dinner, to prepare her toilet the day before and not wait until the last moment, when she will make her appearance haggard and harassed by the haste she made. The fashion of wearing evening dresses sleeveless, and cut in a deep point back and front I think very pretty, and at any entertainment for young or old, the throat should be left open in some way, in V or square. If you have a thin arm tie a knot of ribbon below the shoulder to fill it out and wear long gloves. If the elbow is round and dimpled it should be left bare. I should suggest to every one with a yellow skin to use oriental cream with velveteine powder; they are both harmless and beautify the complexion. I put on very little paint as I dislike it, and I generally use 'Les fleurs des Indes,' a pale tint of rouge and azure for darkening the eyes, which I get from Fay, in London."

Thinness Long Drawn Out.

Milwaukee Special. Isaac S. Sprague, the living skeleton, who is 40 years old and has been reduced by atrophy to 40 pounds weight, said this afternoon in regard to a rumor that he had given his body in the interest of science to the Harvard medical college: "Yes, the story is true, and all arrangements have just been completed. I have agreed that when I die they shall have my body; they will first cut it open and make a post mortem examination to find out if possible why I am so thin; then they will put the body in alcohol and place it in the museum of the college, where it will remain, but I'm going to need it myself for the present; they can't have it till I get through with it. My body will be preserved in the museum there as that of Calvin Edson in the Albany Museum. Edson died at the age of 45, weighing only forty-five pounds. The doctors, when they cut him open, found that his thinness was caused by the narrowing of the thoracic duct, a trouble with which other members of his family were affected. His face and neck were emaciated like the rest of his body, but mine are not, so my thinness is probably due to something else. The physicians pronounce it to be an extreme case of progressive muscular atrophy. It has been going on for thirty years, while the longest other case on record is that of a man who died after having the complaint for ten years."

Sprague is in a feeble condition, and it is believed he cannot live much longer.

General Fremont in 1856.

New York Tribune. Some time ago Mrs. Fremont remarked to a lady that she remembered the time, probably in 1856, when her husband the general walked on Nantucket beach considering which presidential nomination to accept, overtures coming to him from the democratic party, which had anticipated the strength of Fremont in the pending republican convention. Mrs. Fremont said that the democratic nomination meant success while the republican nomination undoubtedly meant defeat, but with the principles General Fremont sustained he decided to take the republican nomination.

"No," said a fond mother, speaking proudly of her 25-year-old daughter, "Mary isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever anyone scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to talk back vigorously, she isn't fit for a wife."

not be neglected under any circumstances, unless his health proves him to be unequal to his tasks. His school hours for the first year are not long, but he must be in his place promptly at 8 o'clock in the morning, remaining until 10, and at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, remaining until 2:30. Then he brings home his lessons for the morning, which, with the assistance of his parents, he must prepare to answer for on the next day. The second year of his school-life is a little more severe. The schools open at 6 in summer and 7 in winter, and long before children of his age are awakened in America, the streets are full of little ones hurrying to the different schools. This early class is dismissed at 8 and 9 o'clock, and the children are then expected to assist their mothers, or, as is more frequently the case, from 10 years of age upward, they go to the great factories or workshops where they are apprenticed and learn a trade. Indeed, the school hours are fixed thus early in order that the children may not only receive an education but also learn how to make a living and help their parents to keep the wolf from the door.

THE INN OF THE BRASS BULL.

A Kitchen Hearth on Which Fire Has Been Kept Alive a Century.

Hartford Courant. The old inn known as the "Brass Bull" at Thompson was burned last week. It was the oldest house in Windham county, a large wood-colored edifice of the "lean to" period, which greatly antedated the Revolution, having been built in 1710. Over the door was a miniature bull of old-fashioned hammered brass, which was also swallowed up in the flames. In the days of the then great New York, Hartford and Boston turnpike it was a changing station for the stage horses, and when the stage route vanished at the approach of the railroads it feebly held its own as a summer resort. It had little diamond window-panes, wide fire-places, and outer doors cut in halves, after the original New England style, which suffered the lower part of the door to be used as a breastwork against the onslaught of the Indians. From its situation on the apex of Washington Heights, a charming birdseye view in the different states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and even across Connecticut to the blue line made on the southern horizon by Long Island, in New York state, was to be gained.

The most famous of local traditions sprung from this old house. It was cut up in all sorts and number of odd shaped rooms, and the fire on the kitchen hearth had burned for more than one hundred years. In fact, this was the source of the old building's ruin, for the continual heating of the stone work in the great chimney charred the oaken floor timber above, until finally the flames burst out and consumed the structure. For one hundred and fifty-two years it was used as a hostelry, and it was the occasion of General Washington's sojourn at the "Brass Bull" that led its courtly proprietor to dub the hill whereon it stood Washington Heights.

COMMERCIAL.

OMAHA. WHEAT—No. 2..... 77 @ 77 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2..... 60
RYE—No. 3..... 45 1/2
CORN—No. 2..... 42 @ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2..... 32 1/2
FLOUR—Wheat Graham..... 2 75
CROP FEED—Per cwt..... 90
SHORTS—Per ton..... 14 00
ORANGES—Per box..... 5 25
LEMONS—Per box..... 7 00 @ 7 25
APPLES—Per barrel..... 3 75 @ 4 50
BUTTER—Creamery..... 33 @ 35
BUTTER—Choice country..... 15 @ 18
EGGS—Fresh..... 21 @ 28
HAMS—Per lb..... 14 1/2
SHOULDERS—Per lb..... 7
POTATOES—Choice..... 40 @ 50
HAY—In bulk, per ton..... 6 00 @ 7 00
LARD—Refined per lb..... 10 1/2
SHEEP..... 3 00 @ 3 50
CATTLE..... 3 50 @ 4 50
HOGS..... 4 00 @ 4 25
CALVES..... 5 00 @ 6 00

CHICAGO.

WHEAT—Per bushel..... 94 1/2 @ 94 3/4
CORN—Per bushel..... 42 1/2
OATS—Per bushel..... 31 1/2
PORK..... 14 25 @ 14 37 1/2
LARD..... 5 10 @ 5 17 1/2
HOGS—Mixed..... 6 10 @ 6 50
CATTLE—Exports..... 6 00 @ 6 60
SHEEP—Medium to good..... 4 00 @ 4 50

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—Per bushel..... 1 01 1/2 @ 1 03
CORN—Per bushel..... 47 @ 48 1/2
OATS—Per bushel..... 31 @ 31 1/2
CATTLE—Exports..... 6 00 @ 6 50
SHEEP..... 3 50 @ 4 25
HOGS—Mixed..... 4 5 @ 4 10

The beautiful sn— Beg pardon. The handsome and correct thing in the way of a shower of congealed rain is at present going on.—[Pittsburg Telegraph.]

RACING IN THE ANTIPODES.

Scenes Around the Melbourne Grand Stand.

San Francisco Chronicle.

By noon the hill above the grand stand was thickly covered with a picturesque forest of humanity; it looked still in the distance, but was as unrelenting as a bee-hive when approached. This was the democratic place—admission two shillings—and it was decidedly the best point from which to see the course. It is an artificial hill built by the committee (they could afford it on their receipts of £50,000 a year), and there was plenty of room on it, even when occupied by some 20,000 people. The babies could freely roll down its turf sides while their mammae were lost in admiration of the costumes on the lawn below, where they intend those babies shall promenade with the best when they grow up. The scene from this hill was wonderful. Beyond the high-priced lawn and enclosure was the great "flat," on which an ever-moving multitude stretched away into the distance until they looked like industrious ants. But when the bell sounded they massed themselves in a twinkling along the course and became an organic whole—a long curving anaconda. When a race was over the momentarily motionless monster broke up again into bits and was soon distributed over the plain.

What can I say of the grand stand? Probably 30,000 people were therein or thereabout, mostly in costliest costumes—some of these imported for the occasion at a cost of from £100 to £500. The wonder of it! Credulous travelers sometimes tell us of Hindoo jugglers who conjure from the floor a bush which clothes itself with blossoms while the spectator is gazing, and it seems as if some magic had evoked this Victoria Regia, whose petals were brilliantly arrayed ladies. The dresses were finer in general effect than in detail. But criticism was disarmed when one saw the happy, beaming and generally intelligent face of those so finely decorated. It was pleasant to see so many people, evidently of humble origin, who had grown rich enough to indulge their tastes in a matter of so much moral importance as dress. There is something to be said for that remark of a Frenchwoman, that "the consciousness of being perfectly dressed affords a satisfaction not to be obtained from the consolation of religion." That sort of satisfaction was visible in every feminine face on the grand stand and its lawn, and what is anybody else's preference compared with theirs? The whole race course, its environment and arrangements, can only be described as a work of art. Their completeness is due chiefly to the Secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, who tells me he knows nothing whatever about horses and racing. If this gentleman could only succeed in reducing or regulating (if it is incurable) the betting mania, he ought to go to England and teach them there how to make a race an enjoyable holiday. Epsom knows nothing of these careful preparations of tables for luncheons, or of the regiment of boys that remove all bottles and refuse from the sward in large baskets.

I had nearly forgotten to say that there was some racing yesterday, too. Several times I managed to turn from the human attractions and observed small islets of variegated caps and sashes floating around the pear-shaped course, dark streaks of steeds beneath them, foam of dust in their wake. Each horse and rider were fixed in one Centaur form, and it was not without beauty. But even the strained sinews were less pleasing than the continuous murmur that accompanied the muffled drum-beat of the hoofs, rising through all the scale—the single voice of the hundred thousand—to break at last in a wild cheer to the victor. In that cheer I joined inwardly, but it was with elation at beholding such a vast concourse of human beings, with shining faces and glad voices, forming together a magnificent picture of human health, wealth and happiness framed in the scenery of a fresh and prosperous land.